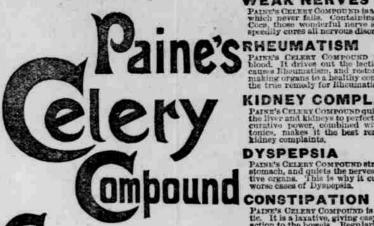
THE PILASKI CITZE

\$2:00 a YEAR,

PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, JUNE. 7, 1888.

Published every Thursday. Enteredt the Post Office at Pulaski as second class matter.



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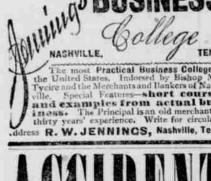
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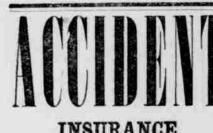
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THE ASSASSINATION.

SACRAMENTAL DAY SERVICES THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

2xion of Our Saviour-The Terrib

BROOKLYN, June 8.—The congregation at the Tabernacle sang this morning:

This is Sacramental day, and a larg making the communicant membership 4,194. But this is only a part of the great attendance that Sunday mornings and evenings overflow the immense audience The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage room. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmag D. D., took for his text the passag Whosoever doth not bear his cross, an come after me, cannot be my disciple." Luke xiv, 27. He preached the fol-

nals were put to death. It was some-times made in the shape of the letter T, times made in the shape of the letter T, sometimes in the shape of the letter I.—a simple upright; sometimes two cross pieces against the perpendicular bar, so that upon the lower cross piece the criminal partially sat. But whatever the style of the cross, it was always disgraceful and always agonizing.

When Darius conquened Babylon he put 200 captives to death on the cross. When Alexander conquened Tyre he put

When Alexander conquered Tyre he put 2,000 captives to death on the cross. So t was just an ordinary mode of punish-But in all the forest of crosses the hills and in the valleys of the earth there is one cross that attracts more atention than any other. It is not higher than the others; it is not made out of different wood; there is nothing peculiar in the notch at which the two pieces are joined; and, as to the scene, they witnessed crucifixions every few weeks, so that I see a reckless man walking about the hill and kicking carelessly aside a skull, and wondering who the villain was that had so flat and misshapen a head; and here is another skull, and there on the hillside is another skull. Indeed, the Bible says it was "a place of skulls." But about the victim on one of these crosses all ages are crying: "Who is he? Was he a man? Was he a God? Was he

uan and God?" Through the darkness of that gloomy day, I come close up enough to that cross to see what it is. It is Jesus. How in on hands and knees, for he could not have been on the cross for forty-eight worse when the lights went out.

the picture, there he was-Christ with they had it their own way, bent and bared. The flagellator the lower lip, as though to give violence to the blows. There were the swollen shoulders of Christ. There were the black and blue ridges, denied even the relief of bleeding. There was the flesh adhering to the whips as they were lifted. There were the marks where the knots in the whips gouged out the flesh. There stood the persecutor with his foot on the calf of the leg of the Saviour, balancing himself. Of the furious and hellish look on those faces, grinning vengeance against the Son of God. The picture seized me—it overwhelmed me;

it seemed as if it would kill me. I do ciple that did not amount to anything? not think I could have looked at it five Was he a man infatuated? No; to save But that, my friends, was before Christ had started for Calvary. That was only the whipping. Are you ready for your journey to the cross?

The carpenters have split the timbers into two pieces. They are heavy and they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth must be fastened for Calvary. That to be a substitute for sin. Who shall it to come down any of these aisles; yet I know he is here. He is from the east, the fast east. He comes with blistered foot and with broken heart and cheeks foot and with brok But that, my friends, was they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth lest the struggling of the victim upset the structure. They put this timber upon the shoulder of Christ very gradually; first, to see whether he can stand it, and after they find he can stand it, they put the whole weight upon him. Forward the cross, Christ being weary and sick,

he stumbles and falls, and they jerk at his robe indignant that he should have stumbled and fallen, and they cry: "Get up, get up!" Christ, putting one hand on the ground and the other on the cross, rises looking into the force of Months. rises, looking into the face of Mary, his mother, for sympathy, but they tell her to stand back, it is no plack for a woman

Christ moves on with his burden upon his shoulders, and there is a boy that passes along with him, a boy holding a mallet and a few nails. I wonder what they are for. Christ moves on until the burden is so great he staggers and falls flat into the dust and faints dead away, and a ruffian puts his foot on him and shakes him as he would a dead dog while

fainted! get up, get on!" the hill. Off with his clothes. Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officers say: "Unfasten the girdle, take off the coat, strip him."

The work is done. But bring back the me what I have to do and I'll do it. I girdle, take off the coat, strip him."
The work is done. But bring back the coat, for here are the gamblers tossing up coin on the ground, saying; "Who shall have the coat?" One ruffian says:
"I have it, I have it—it is mine!" He

alast the hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify him.

Christ has only one garment left now, a cap, a cap of thorns. No danger that it will fall off, for the sharp edges have punctured the temples and it is sure and of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian takes hold of one end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and altogether they move on until they come to the hole digged in the earth, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. It is not the picture of a Christ, it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a caxtle-day; but it is the body of a bleeding, it imports the picture of a Christ, it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a caxtle-day; but it is the body of a bleeding, it is more than the fact of the short beam of the cross, and it would be impossible for me to recommend the cross, and it would be impossible for me to recommend the christian religion in the salleries and shouted until in the vast assemblage all heard him; "I too am a Christian!" and they seized him in their truy and fung him to the wild beasts, until his body, bleeding and dead, was sumbled over and over again in the dust of the amphitheatre.

They sometimes say he had five wounds for the hands, two wounds for the fact or wounds for the hands, two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the fact or wounds for the hands, two wounds for the fact or wounds for the hands, two wounds for the fact or wounds for the hands, two wounds for the fact or wounds for the hands, two wounds for the fact or wounds for the hands, two wounds for the fact or wounds

living, dying Christ.

They sometimes say he had five wounds, but they have counted wrong.

Two wounds for the hands, two wounds

the absence of water. The climate was both the fever, the inflammation, the nervous prostration. The gangene had seized upon him, and he terribly wanted water. His wounds were worse than the value and away from Christ, the fever, the inflammation, the gangene had seized upon him, and he terribly wanted water. His wounds were worse than the value are covered own and away from Christ, the galleries of earth and heaven and hell look on; let all the world look on; let all the galleries of earth and heaven and hell look on. I take Christ this day. Come appliance or abuse, come sickness or health, come life or death, Christ now, "the woman that was a sinner." gunshot fractures, and yet no water. A Turk in the Thirteenth century was crucified on the banks of a river so that the sight of the water might tantalize him. And oh! how the thirst of Christ must have tantalized as he thought of the Euphrates and the Jordan and the Amazon and all the fountains of earth and heaven poured out of his own hand. They offered him an intoxicating draught made Then, my friends, there was the ab-

out of wine and myrrh, but he declined it. He wanted to die sober. No water sence of light. Darkness always exas-perates trouble. I never shall forget the night in the summer of 1873, in the steamer Greece, mid-Atlantic, every moment expecting the steamer to go down. All the lights in the cabin were lid he come there? Had he come up on stand unright, so violently was the vesthe top of the hill to look off upon the sel pitching, and he cried out: "Light beautiful landscape, or upon a brilliant sunset? No. He came there ill and exchausted. People sometimes wonder why Christ expired so quickly on the cross, in "I can't help that; light up." The storm

six or seven hours, while other victims was awful when the lights were burning, he came there. He had been scourged. to have the head bathed and the hands we are horrified at the cruelties of the and feet rubbed. Look at the hands and whipping post, but those crueltles were feet of Christ, look at the face of Christ. mercy as compared with the scourging of Jesus Christ.

There were women there who had cared for the sick, but none of them might I saw at Antwerp a picture made by Rubens—Rubens' picture of the scourging of Jesus Christ. It was the most overmastering picture I ever looked at or ever expect to see. As the long frocked official opened the door that hid the soldiers are those between Christ with

The hours pass on and it is 12 o'clock stood with the upper teeth clinched over of the Saviour's suffering, and it is 1 o'clock, and it is 2 o'clock, and it is al-

picture seized me-it overwhelmed me; why? Was he a fanatic dying for a prinyour soul from sin, and mine, and make whom you have not observed. He did not come through the front door; he did your place, marched your march, suffered your wounds and died at Gettysburg. Christ comes to us while we are "No," he says; "it is not mine; it is borfighting our battle with sin and death and hell, and he is our subststute. He marches our march, fights our lattle, I say to him: "Thine eyes are red as

thies aroused? or are you so dead in sin, and so abandoned by reason of your transgressions that you can look upon all that tearless and unmoved? No, no; there are thousands of people here this morning who can say in the depths of their soul: "No, no, no; if Jesus entire the soul: "No, no, thies aroused? or are you so dead in sin, carry for thee and for the sins of the their soul: "No, no, no; if Jesus en-lured that, and all that for me, I ought and our lighter burdens, and Christ to love him. I must love him, I will looks back and he sees some are halting

shakes him as he would a dead dog, while you say, "I never could understand another ruffian looks down at him wondering whether he has fainted away, or whether he is only pretending to faint passed, and in all the land there is no one away, and with jeer and contempt indein the prayer meetings you all keep talking about carrying a cross. What do you mean, sir?" I mean this: That is a cross which Christ calls you to do, which

am ready to carry any cross."
Suppose I should ask you at the close ing yourself on the Lord's side—could you do it? "Oh! no," you say, "I have rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or he examines it to see what fabric it is made of. Then they put the cross upon it would be impossible for me to rise the ground, and they stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold him down while they drive the spikes home, at every thump a groan, a groan! Alas! The first one that is offered you, you re-

They sometimes say he had five wounds, but they have counted wrong. Two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the side, they say, five wounds. No, they have missed the worst and they have missed the most. Did you ever see the branble out of which that crown of thorns was made? I saw one on a Brooklyn ferryboat, in the hands of a gentleman who boat, in the hands of a gentleman who will could you and read the world you may be the seem to conceal the truth. V. 13. Person of thorns was made. Oh! how cruel and how stubborn were the thorns. And when that cap of thorns was put upon Christ, and it was pressed down upon him, not five wounds, but ten, twenty, thirty—I cannot count them.

There were three or four absences that the found how stubborn were the thorns and the world pour the professed religion in the home circle. Could you are a pretty Could you are a pretty Could you are a pretty Could you, in a vast assemblage, all of whom hated Christ, have said: "I am a Christian?" Would you have bad the to a Christian?" Would you have bad their they are the tenthusiasm and the tourage of the Greek architect? Nay, I ask you another question: Would you

how it is; you want to be favorable to religion, you want to support Christian institutions, you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you cannot—you cannot, and my text, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bars you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

him? The destinies of eternity tremble in the balance. It seems as if the last day had come and we were gathered for the reckoning. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." What I say to one I say to all. What are you doing for Christ? There are hundreds of men and women

here, brave enough in other things in life, who simply, for the lack of manliness and womanliness, stay away from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take thee. Thou hast redeemed me by thy blood; here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about When the last day comes, when all it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of my text: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

An officer of a neighboring church told and said to a young man sta Without any flush of cheek he replied:
Without any flush of cheek he replied:
"I am. I haven't always done right, and I have been quite bad, but since I arose for prayers I think I am better than I was." It was only his way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead

all heaven will break do.

There will be Ignatius, on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the Coliseum. There will be glorious John Unsa showing just where on his foot the units a showing just where on his foot the lyn tabernacle and asked for prayers?"

I tell you these things this morning be-cause, my dear friends, I want to show took wing of flame and soared up from you how light the cross is that we have | Constance. There will be Hugh McKail to carry compared with that which Christ carried for us. You have not had the flesh torn off for Christ's sake in carrying your cross. He fainted dead away under his cross. You have not carried the cross until it fetched the blood. der his there was a pool of clarage that plashed the horses' fetlocks. You have friends to convert his cross is that we have have have have have the ax struck him. There will be McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, the American missionaries who with their wives and children were put to death in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the places where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. There will be Hugh McKail ready to point to the mark on his neck where the ax struck him. There will be McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, their wives and children were put to death in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the places where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them.

the horses' fetlocks. You have friends to sympathize with you in carrying the the Waldenses showing where their limbs to sympathize with you in carrying the cross. Christ trod the wine press of God's wrath alone, alone! The cross that you and I ought to carry represents only a few days or a few years of trial. The cross that Christ carried for us had The cross that Christ carried for us had compressed into it the agonies of eternity. There has some one come here today willing to suffer for Christ, that we might all bear a cross for Christ. out with the cross of the Son of God. It is a flaming cross—flaming with suffer-ing, flaming with triumph, flaming with glory. I carry it out among all the peo-ple. Who will be on the Lord's side? suffers our wounds, and dies our death.
Substitution! Substitution!
How do you feel in regard to that scene described in the text, and in the region his back and I say: "Why carriest thou "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and round about the text? Are your sympa- this?" "Ah!" he says, "that is a cross I come after me cannot be my disciple. Dover-Calais route, is expected to cross the channel in fifty minutes.

because they cannot endure the shame, or bear the burden, and with a voice which has in it majesty and omnipo-tence, he cries until all the earth trem-bles: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my

Oh! my brethren, my sisters-for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister-my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown? Come now, let us divide off. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world?

A Roman emperor said to a Greek architect: "You build me a coliseum, a grand coliseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all the people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work, did it magnificently, planned the building, looked after its construction. The building was done. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the emperor and the Greek architect. The emperor rose amid the plaudits of a vast assembly and said: "We have gathered here today to open this coliseum, and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Ro-man empire. Let this building be prosTHE RISEN LORD.

LESSON XI, SECOND QUARTER, IN TERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 10.

den Text, I Cor. xv. 20-Memorize

Mary Magdalene, see Luke viii, 3. The other Mary, the mother of James, Matt. xxvii, 61. First day of the week, the first Christian Sunday. V. 2. There was, Revised Version, had been. V. 4. As dead men, by fright were thrown into a swoon. V. 5. Fear ye not, be not agitated or troubled. V.

tudes here this morning who are ready to say: "Le the world look on; let all ecount of the two he mentions, chapter xxvii, 61. The Mary of Magdala, in Galilee, Are you for Christ, are you against there may have struggled in their filled with grief, a remote hope of his resurthe glad news of Christ's resurrection. The

disciples were slow to believe it, showing the difference between woman's intuition and result. They went "to see the sepulcher." How true affection still prompts us to go to woman! Have you any scars to show in tomb of buried love. Is there not unconsci this conflict? When a war is over the ously in each such visit the hope of a resu rection of the body?

you bearing for Christ?
Oh! Christian man, Oh! Christian

heroes have scars to show. One hero

and he will put aside the robe of his rov-

alty and show the scar on his side, and

A FEW STRAY ITEMS.

A man in Connecticut, who built

fancy barn, stole eight tombstones from a graveyard to build his mangers.

A nugget of ruby ore, weighing 1,000 pounds, and estimated to be worth \$10,000, was taken from a mine near Elko,

The Chinese government has decided to erect monuments to Gen. Gordon en the scenes of his victories over the Taip-

In the state of Maine there are 84,000 counds of ground wood fiber and 188,000 counds of chemical wood fiber made

A prominent land owner of Elko, Nev.,

is seeding his ranch to tea. Indian wo-

men and children will be employed in

The cathedral at Ulm, which is large

enough to take in 28,000 persons, will be completed in 1889. It was begun in 1377 as a Roman church, but has been Protes-

taining an inexhaustible supply of water from the lake of Neufchatel, Switzerland,

Cal., a few days ago.

gathering the leaves.

tant since the reformation.

rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot fracture, or he pulls down the collar and shows where he was wounded in the neck. Another man says: "I have never had the use of my limb since I removed when we come to them.
V. 2, 3. There had been an earthquake. perhaps a repetition of the shock described was wounded at that great battle." in chap. xxvii, 51 (at the time of the Lord's death), and a divine messenger had descended our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have from heaven to remove the stone. Jesus rose from the dead by the exertion of his own wounds for sin, wounds for the devil. innate divine power. The earthquake and wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong the shining angels but evinced his divine side. Have we wounds that we can show—wounds gotten in the battle for and to show that Jesus was not taken from with horror the use to which his invenme that he was in a store in New York—
just happened in—where there were
just happened in—where there were
in the tomb by human power. When the
women approached the tomb, the herald of
rection day Christ will have plenty of
women approached the tomb, the herald of
rection day Christ will have plenty of
women approached the tomb, the herald of
selender and rather delicate looking, with scars to show. Christ will stand there the risen Saviour sat in the shiuing robes of shows a warlike spirit is when he reads a grave face. She has a

on his bands, and the scars on his feet. and impotent, the desponding became heroic; V. 5. The shining one knew what sor-row the hearts of those women carried. Hence he said, "Fear not ye."

V. 6. The turning point in human his tory begins with Christ's resurrection. Every human hope springs from his empty tomb.
"He is risen, as he said," Luke xxiv, 6-7. ity upon his ability to overcome death. V. 7. The women first to see the empty tomb, first to hear that he was risen, first to first to touch his resurrected body (v. 9) were made the first evangelists to make known his

adds "and Peter." He, the saddest of all, was to have a drop of joy in his cup, showing that Christ had forgiven him. The disciples were to be told the would meet them in Galilee, as he had prom ised before his crucifixion.

bosoms there were mingled emotions of fear. "Fear at what they had seen; joy at what V. 9. As they were hurrying on their way to tell the disciples Jesus met them. Jesus always meets us when we are carnestly in

Oriental simplicity and grace, the women worshiped him, rendering him divine hom-

ever held by the sanhedrim, V. 13-15. The miserable subterfuge

which the rulers resorted refutes itself. 'How ame time, and so soundly as not to be awakend by the disciples as they rolled away the stone, lifted and carried away the dead body? If they slept how could they see that it was the disciples who stole the body? The disciples had no motive in stealing the body. They knew well that in doing such a deed those jealous Jews, who had crucified their leader, would not spare them. Why should they court danger and death from the Roman soldiery! Then how could they afterward enkindle enthusiasm from such an imposition which would lead them to sacrifice preperty, fame and dear life itself! Then, besides, they were not a set of bold and fearless men prepared for any degree at enterprise. Peter, the most stout real herrings at that; pepier mache or esperate enterprise. Peter, the most sto

hearted, accused by a servant maid, denied him. What a great and unaccountable change was wrought in them, if they were now willing to rush upon a body of armed soldiers to steal the body of one whom they had not the courage to defend while living, Judaism, in its death throes, resorted to a lie. But it had to die. Christianity too, its place on the first Easter morning, for the Jewish Sabbath then ceased and the Christian Sunday began. Ponderous stone, nor Roman arms, nor Jewish seals, nor sanhe-Irim lies, could keep the Redeemer in the grave. He rose and stood beside his empty tomb, with the broken scepter of death beneath his feet. Thank God, Good Friday is

FOREIGNERS OF NOTE.

Sir Morell Mackenzie never accepts a Prince Henry of Germany has had himself photographed 700 different times. The octogenarian Duke of Devonshire writes all his own letters, in a firm, legi-

When in Paris, M. Zola is the most aciturn of men, but at his country home he is a great chatterer and talks his visi-

of Brazil did not find time to call upon the pope, a circumstance which gave rise

M. Jovis, a French aeronaut, is making a balloon nearly 200 feet in height. in which he proposes to sail through the air across the Atlantic next autumn. Sir Morell Mackenzie's fee for his at-

endance on the German emperor has been fixed at 60,000 marks (\$13,000) per quarter, or any part of a quarter. is equivalent to the sum of \$60,000 per annum. It must be added, however, \$60,000 per that Sir Morell Mackenzie's income of re-cent years in London has been slightly "I have interviewed Boulanger,"

a correspondent of London Truth, "you would never guess about what. This morning I heard him violently attacked, not this time for riding a black horse, but for wearing a scalp and being a faux jeune homme. So I went to him to question. He said, 'I give you leave to "wig" me. Pull my hair.' I did so. It was firm at the roots, and not even

always been capricious. His pet violinist, Wondra, wished to leave the court and go to Paris to study there with the best masters. A petition was accordingly pre-sented to his imperial majesty, who abruptly tore it up, flung the pieces at the messenger, and said: "Why should he study? Is it to earn money? If he wants that, my treasury is open; let him help himself, and stop here. I wish it." So,

willy-nilly, Wondra had to stay. George Muller, celebrated throughout the world as a worker for the good of his fellow men, is now 82 years old and as full of zeal and activity as ever. He has just returned to England, after a preaching tour of 87,000 miles through Australia, China, Japan and other countries. Two thousand children greeted him at Bristol upon his return, the little ones being inmates of his orphanage in that

dynamite, but Alfred Nobel, his brother, who is still living, was. M. Nobel is a V. 4. While the old heroes are trembling mite. Then he feels like putting all these miscreants into a storehouse of dynamite

and blowing them up. The autograph collector and the relic unter disturb much of the peace and quiet of senators and representatives, Congressman "Tim" Tarsney, however, is credited with inventing a clever means of answering the demands of this gentry He has recently been besieged with re quests from his constituents to secure the pen with which the late chief justice signed the great telephone decision. It if it were possible, the pen could not be passed around to all who were desirous of obtaining it. Tarsney finally hit on a jewelry. plan. He purchased a job lot of ancient looking quills and soaked the points in ink. One of these he labeled:

"With this quill the late chief justice penned the great Anarchist decision. Another bore a card on which was and forwarded to Tarsney's relic hunting

constituents of the Saginaws. The plan is said to have worked admirably until last week, when five distinct pens which had written the great Anarchist decision were exhibited in five distinct windows at Tarsney's Saginaw home. - Washing- She discovered her talent for whistling

Robert Burns Wilson, the Kentucky poet, who has the advantage of both po-etical fame and face, is in New York on V. 11-12. Contemporaneously with the women entering Jerusalem some of the guard, perhaps the officers, entered the city; man, of some 35 years of age, of meguard, perhaps the officers and the city; man, of some 35 years of age, of medium height, red lipped like a woman, of the resurrection to friends, and the other to the enemies of Jesus. his dark brown hair just a little longer Caiaphas and the chief rulers deemed the than a city man would wear it and matter so important and the situation so grave that the great council of the nation was hurriedly called together. It has been stamp of distinction. His eyes are dark was hurriedly called together. It has been stamp of distinction. His eyes are dark and large; tender and merry by turns, wistful in repose. His voice is smooth and clear, and when he read his "Coquette" and "Rain in Summer" at an informal social gathering a few nights ago, he made a distinct sensation. "Mr. Wilson," said a prominent man about town

> barrel, just large enough to hold very comfortably in a lady's hand, and not real herrings at that; pepier mache or composition herrings done in low relief on the head of the barrel. They are very realistic herrings, however, and in spite

alley (coming out of church)-Don't you think that Dr. Talker's sermon this rning was a finished discourse? Lever-Yes, I do: but for about an hour I didn't think it would be.-Har-

DAUGHTERS OF EVE. Women Who Are More of Less Fan The ex-Empress Eugenie will again the queen's guest at Osborne this su

One of the newly elected pages of the Iowa house of representatives is a 10-

year-old girl. Miss Mollie Garfield is said to be an exceptionally well informed girl, and takes an especial interest in scientific

The belle of Baton Rouge, La., a lady of graceful and attractive manners, owns

and personally conducts a job printing Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Pro-fessor Maria Mitchell and Mr. T. B. Al-drich will be among the summer resi-

dents of Lynn, Mass. The "Madge" of "Girls' Gossip" in Mr. Labouchere's "Truth" is Mrs. G. J. Humphrey, a middle aged Irish woman

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, the latest writer of negro dialect stories, lives in New Orleans. She is a young woman, tall, dark haired and fine looking. She has only recently taken up literary work. Joseph Davis, of Wayne county, W. Va., has a daughter aged 6 years who weighs 230 pounds. This is believed to be the largest child of its age in the

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was recently presented to Queen Victoria, received several lessons from a professional teacher of deportment in regard to back-ing from "the presence" and bowing to

majesty. Mrs. D'Oyly Carte was formerly for many years Mr. Carte's private secretary. and he attributes to her clever business management much of the financial suc-cess with which he has produced the comic operas of Messrs. Gilbert and Sul-

Gertrude Cunningham, of Bangor, caught ber hand in the mangler at the Bangor laundry, and the hand and wrist were stripped of skin and flesh. The hand has been saved by skin grafting, three young women friends of the girl having allowed 108 pieces of skin to be taken from their persons for her benefit Among the well known literary women of New York is Margaret Sangster,

the poet, who also reads for the Harpers and helps in the conduct of Harper's Young Folks. She is an extremely pretty woman, above medium height gentle mannered, smooth browed. York, the author of "Three Vassar

Some one made a remark to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe the other day about the literary talents of her daughters, "Yes," she replied, "Col. Higginson said to me once, 'Imagine the confusion of proof sheets in a family where there are four or five writers!' But as we do not all live together the proof sheets have

luckily never yet been mixed. Miss Minnie Freeman, the brave young Nebraska school teacher whom the blizzard made famous, has decided to She has received \$2,700 in cash from the subscription raised for her benefit, besides two costly gold watches, three diamond pins and many pieces o

male attire, as the popular idea has it She is seen on the streets of Paris dressed quite as the average well-to-do matron of France is accustomed to dress, distinguished only by the red ribbon of the When she is at work, however, she does wear trousers and a broad brimmed ha Miss Grace Frances Bigelow, a western rirl, who can whistle with remarkable skill and sweetness, is winning fame and fortune through her peculiar talent. She is described as a very pretty girl, about 22 years of age, a blonde, with a pro-

some years ago while living with her Margaret Andrews Oldham, the southern poet, is an attractive little yond a score and a quarter. She has n pretty, intelligent face, with a shapely nose, large blue eyes, expressive mouth and a shell pink complexion. She infather, who was a college president, while her mother is at the head of an educational institution. Her husband is a journalist and writer, and her brothe is a lawyer-editor.

Laura C. Holloway, who has been vi-

iting in Hartford, describes a call made upon Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe as something delightful to remember. Mrs. Stowe had been out walking and met her guest at the door, her cheeks flushed from son," said a prominent man about town who was present, "is the kind of man susceptible women rave over. He has a very taking way. But his nose is too short and uncertain for the masculine test of comeliness."—New York World.

The made a distinct sensation. "Mr. Willing guest at the door, her cheeks flushed from exercise and her beautiful eyes sparkling with expression. "I could but note with surprise the animation of the whole countenance," says Mrs. Holloway. "She looked so young and handsome that it seemed hard to believe the record of her years. In appearance she was fifty in-When one sees a friend off to Europe this year the approved farewell souvenir is a barrel of herrings. Not a very big and pleasing in manners as she ever was. found her after ten years to be quite the handsomest of all her family. She spoke of her illustrious brother, and as she was which stood against an easel facing the realistic herrings, however,
of their diminutive size it takes a second
glance to assure you that they are not
the real things. The herring barrels are
confection boxes and held bonbons for
the voyage. They are popular just now.
-New York Mail and Express.
-New York Mail and Express.

-New York Mail and Express.

-New York Mail and Express.

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-New York Mail and Express.

-New York Mail and Express. seemed as wonderful as it was in other

The new Virginia code that went into effect May 1, requires every officer to take an ironclad anti-dueling oath.



Estate Age

0 REFERENCES—Standard Oil Co., Louisville; City Nation National Bank, Decatur, Ala.; Exchange Bank, Decatur, Ala.; Ischanges Bank, Decatur, Ala.; Correspondence solicited. Members of the Stock Exchang Western F. & M. and Dakota F. & M. Insurance Company for Tennesses.

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